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Amongst much that is amusing and instructive

*In "Medical Freedom," Saturday, Feb. 25th, 1871, will commence, and be continued Weekly,*

## THE TRIAL OF ALLOPATHY

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The Trial of Allopathy appeared a few years since in a work entitled, "Orthodox or Allopathic Medicine: What is it?" It created an immense sensation at the time. Its price prevented many working men purchasing it. It will now appear with the indictment against Old Physic much enlarged. Though comic in the extreme at times, many heart-rending details will come out during this trial—details founded on actual facts—which will exceed in horror and criminality anything ever published in this or any other country.

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## OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

### MANCHESTER GUARDIAN.

Last night the Pantomime was preceded by a series of six tableaux, illustrative of incidents connected with war. . . . . For the fourth and fifth scenes two famous pictures by Sir Edwin Landseer have furnished the ideas ; and it is curious to observe the effect of putting a composition that is familiar on the canvas into the relief of such a tableau as one of these. Into the peculiarities of this effect we cannot enter ; but it was certainly startling in the first case, and very beautiful in the second. In "War," the central figure is that of a wounded horse, surrounded by dead men, and backed by the lurid lights of the battlefield. "Peace" is a charming landscape on our own shores, with lambs playing about the old disused cannon that lie upon the cliffs, and children gathering flowers where once desolation had been. . . . . The finale consisted of a living statue of Peace, in which capacity Mrs. Calvert recited an ode ; and the pedestal, supported by a group representing four very diverse races, intimating that Peace extended her olive branch over all the peoples of the world. The groupings and arrangements of the pictures were under the direction of Mr. Calvert ; and he is to be congratulated on the effectiveness of the entire series.

### MANCHESTER EXAMINER.

The audience last night was perhaps the most brilliant we have ever seen in this theatre. In every part the house was crowded to suffocation, and even good standing room was difficult to be obtained. The special performance consisted of a series of tableaux illustrative of scenes of the war. The two first of the set of tableaux, "Summoned to the War," and "Another Sortie,' are necessarily sombre, but they are well set, and in keeping with the sad reflections which at the present moment and for weeks past have occupied every mind in this country. The third scene, representing "The Prayer in Church," is magnificently set, and though in its nature solemn and still, so pleased the audience that, in reply to repeated demands, the curtain had to be raised upon it a second time. The fourth and fifth tableaux were reproductions, on a magnified scale, of Landseer's well known pictures of "War" and "Peace." The former, depicting with painful realistic effect the carnage of the Battle Field, lit up by the fitful fire of the burning villages of France, was in vivid contrast with the fine picture of "Peace," which is illustrated by the gambols of innocent and mirthful children in a pastoral scene, sheltered by the chalk cliffs of England and bounded by the "streak of silvery sea" which ensures our immunity from the horrors and desolation which form the burden of the previous scenes. This picture must have been to everyone a grateful and a pleasing one.

### MANCHESTER COURIER.

Last night a prelude of a somewhat novel and certainly of a most pleasing character was presented to the successful pantomime at this house. The entertainment, formed by a series of illustrative tableaux, was given in aid of the victims of the present devastating war, and drew an immense audience. . . There were six tableaux, and each formed a picture in itself. In our opinion many pieces that have run for scores of nights in London have failed to touch the feelings and excite the admiration of an audience so thoroughly as did the pictorial illustrations of last night.

### MANCHESTER WEEKLY TIMES.

The special performance to which we called attention last week was given on Monday evening, and it was literally an overwhelming success.

### SALFORD NEWS.

The novelties of the programme were a series of tableaux illustrating incidents in the war. These were singularly effective, and were greeted with much applause.

### THE CITY NEWS.

The war and peace tableaux have proved an unequivocal success. . . . The whole of the scenes are extremely effective, and show not only the wonderful perfection to which stage appliances have been brought, but the great resources of the Prince's Theatre, and the enterprise and taste of the management. The pantomime succeeds, and runs with, if possible, more vigour and eclat than ever.

### THE SPHINX.

. . . . Each scene is perfect in itself, yet each gains by contrast with the others. The pathos of the two opening scenes and the solemnity of the cathedral prayer, are placed in striking juxtaposition with the lurid tragedy of war, and this, again, with the exceeding loveliness of Landseer's "Dream of Peace" on the southern downs, and the pure serenity of the closing allegory.

### EVENING NEWS.

The scenes have been carefully prepared, and their reception last night was characterised by marks of approval which must have been highly gratifying to the Management of the Prince's.

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[LANCASHIRE WORTHIES.]

## JOHN PHILIP KEMBLE.

ACCIDENT, a happy accident, gives John Philip Kemble a place in our series of county biographies. Among Lancashire Worthies may be pardonably enrolled not only the original performer of Cato, but the greatest modern representative of the histrionic school of which Barton Booth was seemingly the precursor. John Kemble was born at Prescot, in Lancashire, on the 1st of February, 1757, of parents who had no fixed local habitation, his father, Roger, being the manager of a wandering troop of players. Brecon, in South Wales, seems to have been Roger Kemble's head-quarters, so far as he had any. There, at least, was born, two years before John Kemble, his eldest sister, Sarah, afterwards the famous Mrs. Siddons, and there, too, in 1775, his youngest brother, Charles, who became to genteel comedy what he himself was to tragedy. The birthplaces of the other numerous children are scattered throughout the midland and western counties in a variety significant of their father's and mother's nomadic life. Through both of their parents the lineage of the Kemble family was theatrical. The mother, Sarah Ward, was the daughter of a strolling manager who had played on the London stage in the days of Betterton. Roger was attached to her father's company, and they fell in love. Ward disapproved of her marriage to an actor, and there is even a tradition that "she had been a distinguished beauty in her youth, and had once been tempted by a coronet." When he found that he could not prevent the match, he forgave her in a speech of sarcastic bitterness. "Sarah," he said, "you have not disobeyed me. I told you never to marry an actor, and you have married a man who neither is, nor ever can be, an actor." Roger Kemble, however, possessed, as well as his wife, personal gifts which formed a valuable inheritance for children destined to figure on the stage. Boaden, the biographer of John Kemble, and Tom Campbell (the bard of hope), the biographer of Mrs. Siddons, knew the parent Kembles in old age, and have left testimonies to this effect. "Both," says Campbell, "were tall and comely personages." Boaden goes the length of declaring that he had "never seen greater ease or higher polish than were exhibited by Mr. Kemble's father." Campbell speaks of the mother as possessing "a somewhat austere stateliness of manner," with a voice "having much of the emphasis of her daughter's;" her face "had an intellectual expression of the strongest power; she gave you the idea of a Roman matron." The strolling-manager and his spouse must have been, for their way of life, no ordinary people. Indeed, old Roger claimed a descent from "the Kembles of Wydell, in Wiltshire, a house of undoubted antiquity," which had contributed victims to the Stuart cause, and martyrs to the Roman Catholic faith. In any case, Roger was a Roman Catholic, while his wife was a Protestant, and the pair made and fulfilled the customary agreement, that the boys should be brought up in the father's, the girls in the mother's faith.

Like most professionals, Roger Kemble was determined that his children should not be actors and actresses, and never was paternal resolve more completely and conspicuously baulked. From a preparatory school at Worcester John was sent to a Roman Catholic college at Sedgeley Park, in Staffordshire, and thence to the famed college at Douay, to fit himself for one of the learned professions. He became a fair scholar, but he was an actor born, and nothing could keep him from the stage, of which, moreover, he had been allowed to taste in boyhood, the sweets without the bitters. At twelve he had acted at Worcester with his father's company juvenile parts in forgotten plays, and when at nineteen he quitted Douay, where he had distinguished himself in college declamation, it was to become an actor, in spite of his father's opposition.

He made his *début* at Wolverhampton on the 8th of January, 1776, as Theodosius, in the play of the same name, and does not seem to have produced much impression upon what Boaden calls an "uncultivated audience." From Wolverhampton he went the round of theatres in the midland counties. The researches of Mr. Richard Wright Procter, the author of the *Barber's Shop*, have established the fact, unknown seemingly to Kemble's former and formal biographers, that during the two ensuing seasons he was a member of the stock company playing in Manchester at what was then "the New Theatre in Spring Gardens." "Mr. Kemble," says Mr. Procter (in his entertaining little book, *Manchester in a Holiday Dress*), "made his first experiment on our stage as Othello, January 29th, 1777, being at the time twenty years of age. He was supported by Mr. Younger as Iago, Mr. Siddons as Cassio, Mr. Inchbald as Brabantio, and Mrs. Siddons as Desdemona. His second part was Young Norval, to his sister's Lady Randolf. Others of less note followed—Glanville, Earl of Somerset, and Orestes. For his joint benefit he played Laertes, and wound up the campaign as Sir Charles Raymond. Mr. Kemble's second season opened with Alwin, quickly succeeded by Capulet and the fiery Hotspur. To these were added Millamour, Osmond, Darnley. Then a few repetitions which were varied by Earl Douglas and Dionysius the Areopagite. At the benefit of Mrs. Siddons, who selected Isabella, he sustained the part of Villeroy, and was also the master of the Toy Shop in the afterpiece of that name. On his own benefit-night was produced a new comedy, *The Female Officer, or Royal Volunteer*, written by himself, in which the author and his sister took the principal parts. With Fairfax and Hamet, Mr. Kemble's engagement for 1778 terminated." He did not re-appear in Manchester until six years afterwards, by which time he had achieved decided success in London. During the interval, John Kemble's was the usual provincial probation of hard and up-hill work. His chief English engagement was one of three years at York, in Tate Wilkinson's company. Here, at last, he began to make way, and after joining in Ireland, his sister, Mrs. Siddons, then in the flush of her first triumphs, an engagement was made with him to appear at Drury Lane.

His London *début* was made as Hamlet, on the 30th of September, 1783. The impression produced when he was "discovered" on the stage vented itself in the general exclamation, "how very like his sister." His personation of the most trying of characters was a decided success, and with a few more strides he reached the foremost place in tragedy, in which his only rival when he appeared in London was Henderson, then approaching the premature close of his career. Theatrical etiquette prevented Kemble for some time from playing with his sister great parts which had been in the possession of other actors. But by and by they came prominently together in *King John*, in *The Gamester*, in *Othello*, and at last during 1788 in *King Lear*, Mrs. Siddons playing Cordelia to her brother's Lear. The poet Campbell declared that magnificent as was Mrs. Siddons' Cordelia, the general impression was in favour of her brother. John Kemble, he says—and rarely has such an actor had such a critic—was, "as Lear unparalleled among all the actors I ever beheld. Kean, with all his powers, I think, failed in the part as a whole. He absolutely lowered the tone of it at times to the whine of an aged beggar. Kemble, alone, was a touchingly pathetic old man, and at the same time every inch a king. When he awoke in Cordelia's lap, he gave his eyes an expression that seemed inspired, strangely blending the fire of a fervid mind with the lost look of age, and he made imbecility and dotage indescribably affecting."

This first performance of *Lear*, with its two chief parts performed by Kemble and his great sister, was on the 21st of January, 1788, on the occasion of Mrs. Siddons' benefit, and it is recorded that the £347. 10s. then taken at the door was the largest that had been ever taken in old Drury excepting at her first benefit, when she played Lady Macbeth, and £351. was the receipt. Six weeks or so before the histrionic and financial success of brother and sister in Lear and Cordelia, John Kemble became a husband, the lady being an amiable and gentle woman, the widow of an actor, Mrs. Brereton. Kemble might have looked much higher, and favouring glances had beamed upon him, it would appear, from aristocratic eyes, but as he had no thoughts of leaving the stage, he wisely resolved on a wife familiar with his own sphere, and he had no reason to regret his selection. In the subsequent October he was appointed manager of Drury Lane, with a considerable power from the proprietors, and being now free to choose his own parts he enlarged his repertory considerably. One of his new characters was Penruddock in

*The Wheel of Fortune*, thought by many critics to be his masterpiece; and among his revivals were *Henry V.* and *Henry VIII.*, *The Tempest*, and *The Winter's Tale*. Among the chief episodes of his management of Drury was the performance of the young Ireland's Shakespere forgery, *Vortigern*. On the 2nd of April, 1796, a day after what would have been one more appropriate for its representation, Mrs. Siddons prudently declined any part in the doubtful drama, but Kemble played Vortigern, and the theatre was crowded to suffocation. The dull piece dragged its slow length along, without approbation or disapprobation, until the fifth act was reached, and then Kemble thought it was time that the bubble should burst. Accordingly, when in the course of a long speech on the ubiquitous sway of Death, he came to the passage describing an earthly king in the clutches of the King of Terrors, he gave the line,

And when this solemn mockery is o'er

with a peculiar emphasis and in a sepulchral tone of voice. The sceptics and scoffers saw their opportunity, and began an uproar which sealed the fate of Ireland's play. Something like order having been restored, after ten minutes of overpowering clamour, instead of proceeding with the speech Kemble re-delivered the expressive line with even greater than his first peculiarity of emphasis and intonation. No more was heard on the stage of the young literary forger's "solemn mockery" of Shakespere.

With a slight break, Kemble's management of Drury Lane lasted until 1801. His salary, when he went to it, was £5 per week, and (as manager and actor) £56. 14s. when he left it. In the following year, he paid a visit to the continent, and made the acquaintance of Talma. After his return, he became manager of Covent Garden, in which he purchased a share; and there he remained, until fourteen years later he retired from the stage for ever. During most of Kemble's management of Covent Garden, his only eminent rival (with the exception of the meteoric Master Betty) was George Frederick Cooke—"the Manchester Roscius," as he has been called, from the enthusiastic encouragement so long given him in our city—but poor Cooke's habits were of a kind to prevent his rivalry from becoming permanently dangerous. It was when Master Betty's short-lived triumph was on the wane, and Kemble felt himself all the stronger through the failure of the effort made to shake his supremacy, that in 1806 he revived *Coriolanus*, himself playing to Mrs. Siddons' Volumnia the part of the hero, according to all accounts one of the noblest of his personations. Without the airy versatility of Garrick—unlike whom, he never or rarely shone in comedy—Kemble was Garrick's superior in dignity. The very solemnity of nature and bearing which gave him an appearance of stiffness in comedy, and which in society made his companionship seem dull when contrasted with that of his sprightly predecessor, raised him above Garrick in Roman parts, where stateliness, dignity, and proud self-absorption and self-assertion are all-in-all. In *Cato*, and still more in *Coriolanus*, the admirers of Garrick had to admit that their idol was surpassed by John Kemble. Two years or so after this triumph, Covent Garden was burned. The loss to Kemble was a heavy one, for the insurance did not cover more than a fourth of it, and with the theatre perished, not only wardrobe and scenery, but much of the noble dramatic library which he had spent years in collecting, as well as uncopied, and therefore irrecoverable, music of Handel and Arne. Kemble's friends and admirers in the high places of the world—the Prince Regent among them—came forward liberally on this occasion. The Duke of Northumberland, who, as Lord Percy, had known and esteemed him in early days at York, offered him a loan of £10,000 upon his simple bond, and the offer was accepted. The foundation stone of the new building was laid by the Prince Regent himself, and, at the dinner of the proprietors on the same day, to celebrate the event, Kemble read a note from the Duke of Northumberland, in which, after a sportive allusion to the propriety of a bonfire to cap the ceremony, it was added, with princely munificence, that the (cancelled) bond for the £10,000 was enclosed "to light the pile."

Within nine months of the conflagration, the new Covent Garden was finished, but its completion was the prelude to one of the most harassing incidents in Kemble's long theatrical career. In order to derive a reasonable profit from the capital raised for the new and costly building the proprietors thought it requisite to advance the prices of admission, and, notably, to demand four shillings for admission to the pit. The old monopoly of the patent theatres remained in force, and hence the the public thought that they had a right to be consulted in the matter. A formidable opposition to the new charges was accordingly organized, and it is hinted that political considerations were brought into play, Kemble having migrated to Covent Garden from the theatre of the great Whig, Sheridan; at any rate, it was observable that the Tory newspapers advocated the new prices, the Whig and Radical papers the old. The result was the once famous "O. P." (old prices) riots, which for sixty-six nights made the performances in the new Covent Garden theatre "mere inexplicable dumb show and noise." It was opened on the 18th of September, 1809, the year of the fifth coalition against France, of Napoleon's victory at Wagram, and of that of the Duke of Wellington that was to be at Talavera. Yet, such was the keen interest taken by the London public in matters theatrical, that in the midst of a colossal continental war it cared to engage, heart and soul, in a stormy contest for a reduction of sixpence in the price of admission to the pit of Covent Garden. On the opening night, the appearance of Kemble, dressed as Macbeth, his part for the evening, to speak the address, was the signal for a gigantic "row," continued without intermission during sixty-three nights. The malcontents were equipped with watchmen's rattles, dustmen's bells, post-boy's horns, trombones, and last, not least, with bludgeons, to meet the raid made among them not only by the police but by prize fighters whom the proprietors of the theatre hired to defend their interests. Kemble had been noted for the dignified dexterity of his management of rude or noisy audiences, whom he was in the habit of addressing with a mingled politeness, firmness, and serene indignation that seldom failed to restore order. But this breeches' pocket riot was too much for him. At last a compromise was effected. The admission to the pit was reduced to three and sixpence, and among other concessions apologies for the employment of prize-fighters were tendered, and an obnoxious box-keeper was sacrificed to the popular fury. The O.P.'s hoisted in the pit a large placard with the inscription "We are satisfied," A "safe and honourable peace" had been concluded, and Kemble regained his old popularity.

Mrs. Siddons took her formal farewell of the stage on the 29th of June, 1812. The star of Edmund Kean rose above the horizon on the 26th of January, 1814, when he played Shylock at Drury Lane. Three years and a half after this last event, on the 29th of March, 1817, at Covent Garden, John Kemble retired from the stage, in the part of Coriolanus. He was now sixty; he had saved enough for his modest wants, and he had long been tormented by the gout. Four months before his London farewell he fulfilled a last engagement of eight nights in Manchester, closing with his benefit, at which he played the *Stranger*. This was in February; and in March he bade adieu to his Edinburgh admirers, Sir Walter Scott furnishing him with the valedictory address. At the farewell dinner given him in London, Lord Holland was in the chair, supported by the Duke of Bedford; and a distinguished ornament of his own school of acting, Charles Young, recited an ode which Campbell had composed for the occasion. He left England for the continent, and spent his last years happily at pleasant Lausanne, where he died of apoplexy on the 26th of February, 1823, some sixty-six years after he had entered the world at Prescot.

In all the relations of life this great actor was blameless; he was a Kemble, not a Cooke or a Kean. On the canvas of Lawrence he still looks as he looked in Hamlet. His person was more graceful than dignified; but in this case, as in that of his voice, which was far from powerful, art triumphed over nature, and no more dignified acting was ever witnessed than that of John Kemble in *Cato* and *Coriolanus*. His historic genius was a little formal, perhaps, but polished and noble; and his defects, like his merits, arose from the circumstance that he was emphatically—a great artist.

## APHORISMS.

The man who can snap his boot-laces and pull off his shirt-buttons without discomposure is likely to endure heavy misfortunes with equanimity.

To cry at a wedding is disagreeable to your friends, but to laugh at a funeral is painful to yourself.

THE LARGEST AND MOST POWERFUL STEAMER AFLOAT.—The Tug of War.

[OUR LOCAL ART TREASURES.]

## MR. J. KNOWLES'S COLLECTION.

AS some time has elapsed since the appearance of the last of the articles on Our Local Art Treasures, we may perhaps be pardoned for reminding the reader that we have already led him through the private collections of Mr. C. H. Rickards and Mr. Frederick Craven, and the public collections at the Town Hall and Peel Park, and have examined the portraits at the various public institutions of the city. Restricted now in our future labours almost exclusively to private galleries, admission to which is only obtainable by the courtesy of the owners, it is possible that the publication of our notices may henceforth be somewhat irregular, but our desire and hope is that we shall be able eventually to present a tolerably complete survey of all the most notable art collections in this part of the country.

The collection of Mr. John Knowles, the proprietor of the Theatre Royal, at his residence at Old Trafford, comprises about sixty water-colour drawings. It is very difficult, in a short space, to give a fair impression of the art value of such a collection, especially when, as in this instance, the drawings include specimens of the most varied styles of schools. From J. M W. Turner to Sydney Cooper is an enormous jump in the way of landscape; and so in figure painting is it from F. W. Burton to Frederick Tayler; but in Mr. Knowles's collection we find these extremes meeting, and also specimens of almost every round of the artistic ladder of modern water-colour art, except the highest so-called pre-Raphaelite. Of course, under these circumstances, we cannot pretend to speak of all the pictures individually. The most that can be done is to mention such more important works as give a kind of key to the whole, and at the same time convey a correct impression of its undoubted value.

Our readers must know, from the tone or tenor of our previous art notices, that we draw a strongly-defined line between what we consider to be good and true art and unworthy and false art; and that when we have protested against the works of some water-colour artists who generally flood the Old Society, it must be understood that such protestation is merely against the "intention" of their works as being retrogressive, and against the incessant repetition of the same idea with which they favour us. Whether that repetition be the fault of the artist or the public is an open question; but as far as the cleverness of their pictures goes there can be no doubt whatever. We say this because, in the case of a private collection, criticism would, of course, be out of place and unjustifiable, the public having no chance of judging for themselves, and because we have no sympathy with the works of a great many of the popular artists who are represented on Mr. Knowles's walls. All the drawings he possesses are admirable examples of the artists, but if we expressed any pleasure in the contemplation of pictures by Messrs. Foster, Topham, Duncan, Maclise, or Cooper, we should, considering our previous criticisms, be simply stultifying ourselves.

Landscapes constitute the most important portion of Mr. Knowles's collection. First on the list, of course, come the four Turners. An attempt to describe these pictures in words would be waste of time, for it is impossible, for instance, to give any idea of the celebrated drawing, *The First Steamer on the Thames*. It is a picture of colour, and of the most delicate and peculiar colour; a mass of complication in the way of boats and shipping, with the white castellations of the Tower of London, relieved with wonderful delicacy, as a back-ground. Wonderful as this drawing is, it is surpassed by the *Leeds*. The manner in which a most uninteresting subject is made eminently poetical is superb. Given an extensive view over a valley, that valley full of brick buildings and a mass of tall chimneys breathing smoke and steam, to make a picture. We have no doubt there are artists who would make something realistic yet interesting out of such materials, and the workmanship would be admirable, but it is doubtful if anyone now-a-days could invest it with absolutely poetical beauty, as Turner has done. Passing the other Turners, a drawing by Barrett, is perhaps the next most perfect. It is one of the well-known sunset effects, treated conventionally as far as composition is concerned, and most beautiful in its simple sobriety, harmony of colour, and grace of arrangement. It contrasts well with another noble picture, this time by Dewint, *Lowther Castle, Cumberland*, which is characterized by manly vigour combined with very subtle colour and easy natural composition. For Dewint, the detail of the foreground is worked out with unusual care Another of his pictures, *A Canal Scene*, is also very charming, and in some ways recalls Old Crome by its large manner of painting and calmness of treatment. Merely mentioning, *en passant*, the many drawings, all admirable specimens, by Foster, Duncan, Cooper, and others of that school, we may note an admirable seascape of Copley Fielding's, which compares well with two other works of the same class by Clarkson Stanfield, and conclude the pictures of seascape and landscape with David Cox, of whose work Mr. Knowles possesses five examples. They are entitled *Shrimpers*, a very sweet coast sketch; *Fort Rouge; A Rainbow; Stacking Hay*, a beautiful grey-green drawing; and lastly a very large and important picture, *Shepherds gathering Flocks*, one of those rugged drawings of wild Welsh mountain scenery, intensely powerful, and full of fierce poetry, that Cox painted in his later period, and which many have essayed to imitate, but never yet with anything approaching success.

Of the figure pictures, *The Turret Stair*, by F. W. Burton, the artist who lately seceded from the Old Water Colour Society, is certainly the finest, and were it in a public exhibition it would be desirable to describe it at something like length, for it is a picture of the highest order of art in every way. The subject is a knight in chain armour parting from a lady in one of those narrow circular Norman turret staircases such as can be seen at Haddon Hall still. He is just descending, and kisses her hand as he passes her. The scheme of colour is exquisite and unique, as indeed is the conception of the whole, and the manner in which it is carried out. Altogether, it is the finest picture in the collection. From this to Gilbert's daring and brilliant *tours de force* is a considerable distance; but the two drawings by which he is represented are both good of their kind—the one called *Rubens in his Studio*, for its dashing, riotous colour; the other, *A Scene from Henry VI.*, for its excellently clever composition and design. There are five drawings by William Hunt, all most valuable, especially a delicious single figure, entitled *A Flower Girl*, which is as nearly perfect as possible. A little drawing, *Francesca and Paolo*, by J. E. Millais, R.A., is very gracefully delicate in colour and design; and *Little Red Riding Hood*, by Poole, is most fascinating in its quaintness and artistic in colour and drawing. The whole conception is most original, and there is a certain bizarre charm that is delightful, but we fancy very few would be able to christen it.

Altogether, Mr. Knowles's pictures represent that taste which does not affect violently any one extreme school of art, and which takes delight in many styles, each for its own merit, and the collection does not contain a single work which is not an admirable specimen of the painter.

## SATURDAY MORNING SINGULARITIES.

SATURDAY is, in Manchester, by various peculiarities, altogether distinguished from any other day in the week. In many respects it stands alone. Some classes of individuals either never appear at all, or never show themselves in their brightest colours, on any other occasion than Saturday morning; and a few hours in the morning of that day are regarded as sacred to the performance of duties quite different from every-day pursuits. Exquisites, both male and female, reserve for that time the full glory of their appearance. On those days which, in a fuller and more correct sense, are said to be devoted to business, they rarely venture to face the rough current of hurrying pedestrians; or do so with appearances in such a way modified as to attract less popular notice. But on a bright Saturday morning each individual of the species puts forth unusual efforts, and assumes an extra coating of gorgeous apparel; each doing his or her best to dismay shabbier or less pretentious members of the fraternity. The Square—the natural, indeed, the only centre offered by the city for the accomodation of this formidable confederacy—puts on its busiest air, and dons its best clothes; to the best of its ability showing its gladness at the temporary possession of local aristocrats, and turning the cold shoulder of contempt on shabbiness, seediness, or sansculottism of every grade. The flowers in the neighbouring Market Place are more numerous and fresher than usual, and the transactions in bouquets become almost extensive.

All this is descriptive of the doings of other than business people in the localities as far removed as circumstances allow from the haunts of

every-day trade. Even amongst those who pride themselves on being commercial folk, the day and its ways are not as usual. The approaching half-holiday, by making the morning's business slacker and less energetic than usual, throws an air of free and easy carelessness over the general doings. If, by untoward chance, a press of business comes, it is attended to unwillingly and under protest. The concomitant looseness and unsettledness must necessarily find some vent. To the majority of the members of this class a mere lounge without some real or pretended object has few attractions. Hence it comes that marketing has to many such people afforded the necessary excuse for a stroll round the town. And, singular though it may appear, it is against this marketing, as carried out by very many, we venture to utter a word of warning. Such warning may appear either needless or absurd. Of course, against marketing proper it would be childish to utter a protest. But no one who has had opportunities of observation can fail to have noticed a very large number of marketers, especially among the younger men, who have either no notion whatever of making purchases, or, if they have, mix up their trafficking with an utterly abnormal and unnatural amount of drinking. With them Saturday marketing is simply an excuse for calling at as many luncheon-bars, restaurants, and hotels as can by a considerable amount of turning about be included within one walk. Their marketing usually begins and ends at a public-house of some sort: begins perhaps at the White Bear and ends at the Bull's Head. No other object seems to develop itself to their imaginations than the consumption of endless "bitters," "milds," "sherries," or "small gins." Far be it from us to hint that ale or sherry is not useful and pleasant. But few people could be found who in thoughtful moments would approve of the wholesale consumption of such liquors, least of all in the middle of the day. The mildest result to be expected for such a marketer is to find himself at home much later than necessary, with a stupid be-muddled feeling only to be remedied by a long afternoon's sleep. In not a few instances does it end in spending the rest of the afternoon and the evening in a continued round of the same sort. The result of that is not difficult to picture.

## A SEVEN-AND-SIXPENNY DINNER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPHINX.

SIR,—I was at a sort of public dinner on Saturday last, at the Albion. The tickets were seven-and-sixpence a head for the dinner only, without wine, or even beer. It was the annual feast of the Association of Mechanical Engineers—masters, foremen, and draughtsmen. There was a nice bill of fare, to look at, but, as they say, the proof of the pudding is in the eating, and it is true, I think, of meat as well. There was mock-turtle and spring soup. The latter I saw. It was what goes variously under the names of gravy soup and julienne. I call it dish-washings with the fat off. The mock-turtle was correct only of the mock; it was sago with a little cow's-head broth in it to sight and taste; one man near me had some little squares of meat or gristle floating in it, but he was the only one. It was certainly hot and quickly served.

I was in a good position for seeing what came on to the table where I and twenty more sat, and, as an Irishman might say, what didn't. Turbot and lobster sauce was visible only in the bill, and the first waiter we could catch told us it was all done. Fried whiting was comparatively plentiful. A dish of red mullet was whisked off as soon as two or three people had helped themselves. Codfish was attainable in homœopathic doses only. Croquettes de volaille, a sort of embryo hedgehog in appearance, were stared at and "passed." A dish of thin mutton chops from the neck, in onion sauce, was attacked with some vigour, as we began to be afraid that if we didn't bestir ourselves we should get what a neighbouring guest called "nowt."

But the serious part next began. I and my neighbours seeing turkey poults *a la* something, and capons *a la* something else, applied ourselves to catch a waiter, and sent him for a bit of what we didn't get every day. He returned in five minutes with two or three plates of very uninviting mutton, which were returned on his hands with a repeated request for the strange birds. In a few minutes he came back with a suggestion that the boiled beef was very nice, and one or two fainting stomachs gave up the unequal contest and surrendered to the flat ribs and carrots, and after more waiting, the stronger began seriously to consider that after all they would be content with sirloin of beef. With this two were supplied, and then it was announced to be all done. One more persistent got the wing bone of a fowl with a bunch of water-cresses on the plate, probably to cool the gravy, and oddments of turkey, as cold as the epergnes before us, began to appear without orders. A new idea seemed to have struck the cook, for sudden greens, sprouts, cabbage, and so forth began to appear, and there were confidential suggestions from the attendants that there was a very nice Westphalia ham. "Ay, let's have a bit o' ham," says one. "Me too," says another, "there's lots o' greens stirrin'." Now bacon and greens are, as poor Sam Cowell used to chaunt, a very nice thing, but I put it to you, sir, if they're the sort of thing to make a seven-and-sixpenny dinner on. I say not. One man near got the pope's nose of a pheasant with the feathers in, and others vainly desired to partake of that gaudy bird. The wild duck must have early winged his flight, but the mangled and bleeding remains of a roast hare were distributed after one had begun to try whether blanc-mange and such like, eaten to excess, would make one ill.

Now, I guard myself from saying that these things in the bill of fare were not in the room, but I say that they weren't to be got by me, nor by others about, for I had good opportunities, which I used, of judging. The long and the short of it is, that the charge was seven-and-sixpence, and there wasn't enough to eat.—I am, sir, yours, EDAL.

## TOWN TALK,
### AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

MANCHESTER ARTISTS IN THE DUDLEY GALLERY.

THE seventh general exhibition of water-colour drawings at the Dudley Gallery, in London, contains nearly seven hundred works, the chief contributors being Mr. Poynter, A.R.A.; Mr. H. S. Marks, A.R.A.; G. D. Leslie, A.R.A.; Miss Madox Brown, Messrs. Stanhope, Simeon Solomon, and Donaldson, Miss Spartali, the two Moores, and Mr. F. W. Burton, one of the seceders from the Old Water-colour Society. The collection, as usual, is distinguished (to use the description of the *Saturday Review*) "by pleasing variety, unconstrained eccentricity, free and fearless utterance of whatever thought comes uppermost. The works bear witness to warm impulse rather than cool calculation; they are the offspring of impulse rather than reason; they are stamped with conviction, and thus escape conventionalism." Eight Manchester artists are represented by the following thirteen works:—

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| Falcon Cliff Tower, Douglas | J. Adshead. |
| Evening on the Welsh Coast | J. Adshead. |
| Sunrise on Ben Slioch, Loch Maree | George Crozier. |
| Conway | Georges Hayes. |
| Bolton Abbey | George Hayes. |
| The Coming Tide | C. E. Johnson. |
| Blanchisseuses Bretonne | Joseph Knight. |
| A Hampshire Water Meadow | L. C. Livett. |
| Mary's Bower, Chatsworth Park | L. C. Livett. |
| Rubinella | W. Bright Morris. |
| The Sannox Burn, Arran | Alfred Powell. |
| Torrent in Glen Sannox | Alfred Powell. |
| Off the Coast of Arran | Alfred Powell. |

Mr. Knight's drawing, *Blanchisseuses Bretonne*, a few old Breton women spreading out clothes on the grass, the *Athenæum* describes as "a capital landscape, with figures, richly and broadly painted;" and the *Graphic* says: "One can hardly explain the thorough satisfaction this picture gives, but it can be turned to again and again with increasing pleasure. The subject is of the simplest, but the treatment is thoroughly effective." The *Academy* and the *Morning Post* also refer to it in terms of praise. The *Pall Mall Gazette* speaks of the *Hampshire Water Meadow*, by Mr. L. C. Livett, as a picture which, for "delicacy of tone and plain gravity of expression, though not carried far as to details, is one of the best landscapes on the walls."

POPULAR PROMENADE CONCERTS.

One is sometimes disposed to think that classical music is rather overdone in Manchester, to the exclusion of music that would

undoubtedly appeal to a wider circle. It may be a subject for regret, but it is a fact nevertheless, that where only one can enter into the higher mysteries and delights of harmony ten will respond to the fascinating allurements of mere melody, just in the same way as there are a dozen admirers of Longfellow for one who can enthusiastically appreciate Wordsworth or Mathew Arnold. Jullien understood this, and very successfully ministered to the popular demand, and we are glad to learn that a spirited attempt is to be made in Manchester to follow his example. It will be tried for the first time next week in the Free Trade Hall, under the management and conductorship of Mr. de Jong, whose name and abilities are sufficient guarantee that the selection of music will be a good one, and the arrangements adequate; and if the public response is satisfactory, these orchestral promenade concerts will become as much a feature of the Manchester musical season of the future, as Mr. Hallés concerts have been in the past. On the first night, Mr. de Jong promises three overtures; a selection from *Faust;* some of Strauss's waltzes, and other high-class dance music; three or four songs, probably by Mdlle. Florence Lancia; an instrumental solo; and possibly the Marseillaise and the Watch on the Rhine. There will only be two prices of admission, one to the gallery, the other to the body of the hall, the latter being arranged for promenade *a la* Jullien. Mr. de Jong, in fact, appears determined to deserve success. The public will not be true to its own interest if he does not attain it.

### THE PROSECUTION OF THE JEWS.

The righteous indignation of a correspondent of the newspapers has been most unrighteously visited on Mr. Talbot, the deputy town clerk, for the recent prosecution of certain Jews for working on the Sunday. It has been justly said that to insist on the observance of the Christian Sabbath by the Jews is practically to insist on the observance of two Sabbaths in each week: which is of course a very great hardship to those who find it difficult to make their living even when working six full days. Such an anomaly is a glaring discredit to any country which professes to believe in civil and religious liberty; and the grievance has only to be prominently published to be abolished. In the meanwhile, law is law, and the way to demonstrate the wrongfulness of any law is to push it to extremity. That is the legitimate and certain mode of rectifying it. Dead letter laws are mischievous, and laws ought not to be allowed to be dead letters. Therefore the police are right in prosecuting these Jew workmen, however satisfied they may be of the cruelty of the law. If there were no martyrs, there would be no reforms. Let writers to the press be as severe as they like on unjust laws, but they ought not to find fault with public servants who are only doing their duty. At least they should exempt the deputy town clerk, who simply prosecuted as counsel for the corporation, and we dare say sympathises with the Jews as much as any one.

### THE SCIENTIFIC STUDENTS' SOIREE.

Somewhat in the shape of an amateur casual we found ourselves on Tuesday evening last at a soirée (microscopical) given by the Scientific Association in the Memorial Hall, Albert Square. There was a large attendance, and an unusually numerous display of instruments, together with other objects of scientific interest. The room, though a spacious one, was inconveniently crowded, and much too small for promenade purposes. Addresses on the more or less abstruse topics of Entomology, Woody Sections, and Geological Sections, illustrated by the oxy-hydrogen light, were delivered respectively by Messrs. Hardy, Bailey, and Plant. Science in evening dress is considered by some to be little more than scientific trifling; but it is one of the few ways in which it can be made attractive to the non-scientific mind. To those to whom by necessity or lack of inclination science is a sealed book, it is pleasant enough to while away an hour or two in listening to "fairy tales" woven out of dry facts, the discovery of which has cost others much potent labour and research. The presence of ladies on such occasions is indispensable to success, and though one may know little of

> The fair new forms
> That float about the threshold of an age,

as embodiments of scientific truth, the flirtation with them becomes very interesting when indulged in along with fair young forms of another kind. Apart from these public displays, we believe the association does good and earnest work, and we therefore wish it success. The pursuit of truth for its own sake brings to the seeker its own reward. The true scientific student is

> Of those that eye to eye do look
> On knowledge; under whose command
> Is earth and earth's, and in whose hand
> Is Nature like an open book.

### THE WATERLOO CUP.

Most of the newspapers, in referring to the result of this coursing event, describe Master Mc. Grath's winning the cup for the third time as an unprecedented performance. This is substantially correct, but requires some qualification. The Waterloo Cup was won three times in 1850, 1852, and 1853, by Cerito, a bitch belonging to the late Mr. George Frederick Cooke, of the Oxford Road Twist Company, in this town. The greater merit of Master Mc. Grath consists in his having won each year in a sixty-four dogs' stake, whereas the number of competitors when Cerito won was only thirty-two. The former had therefore to run six courses in order to win, while Cerito had only to be successful in five. In addition to this, all the best dogs in the kingdom are now entered for the Waterloo Cup, so that the competition is more severe than it used to be.

## KERSAL WARD STEEPLECHASE.

BY OUR SPORTING CONTRIBUTOR.

THIS local event came off last week, and created the greatest excitement in the neighbourhood, completely overshadowing, for the time, the interest felt in the Grand National Steeplechase at Aintree. There were only two horses entered for the race, so that it was literally reduced to a match. The candidates were the Brick, by Honesty out of Perseverance, and the Auctioneer, by Goahead out of Confidence. The Brick, who must not be confounded with Lord Stamford's celebrated steeplechaser of that name, although an aged horse, had never run in public before. He is an immense animal, standing over nineteen hands high, and is perfectly sound in wind and limb. Being bred in the neighbourhood, the Brick had a great many supporters, who relied on his stoutness and staying powers, as he is quite up to twenty stone across a stiff country. There was a strong commission out to back him. All the large books were taken up at once, and even old Dan 'All, the Salford trainer, who seldom bets, had four penn'orth on the strength of it. The Auctioneer is a stout made horse, but more of a cob than the Brick. He too had a great many supporters, although he was not so well known in the neighbourhood, but as he had previously been out at some small leather-flapping meetings, and shown some speed and jumping powers, his friends thought he would have no difficulty in defeating an untrained horse like the Brick. The Auctioneer struck us as being somewhat uncertain in temper, and he certainly made a noise in his preliminary gallops. Previous to the race on Wednesday the horses were nominated at the Broughton Town Hall, on Monday, Alderman Radford presiding. The Brick did not show, being kept dark by his trainer, but the Auctioneer was trotted out for inspection, and satisfied his supporters. A show of hands was taken, which the Alderman declared to be slightly in favour of the Brick in point of numbers, but, as regarded condition, he considered the hands held up on both sides to be equally dirty.

There was an immense attendance on Wednesday to see the race, notwithstanding the counter attraction at Waterloo. The aristocracy turned out in great force, and all the old women in the ward who possessed votes were dug up by the various touts and horse-watchers. Many handsome equipages were on the ground, including cabs and coaches of all sorts, plastered all over with placards and bills. The Auctioneer does not appear to like a crowd, and was run in blinkers. He had for his jockey that energetic horseman, Jack Neversaydieson, better known as the Councillor, who, it will be remembered, has on two occasions won this identical race on his own Hobbyhorse. Jack was obliged to waste and sweat very severely to bring himself down to the necessary weight. He was, however, very sanguine as to the result, as he had taken the Auctioneer several times over the course previously, and made him acquainted with the various fences and obstacles. The Councillor wore the colours of the great Radical stable in which the Auctioneer was trained. The owners of both horses disclaimed all political grounds in the contest, but their various supporters took the law into their own hands, and fought it out, so far as they were concerned, on the principles recommended by Mr. Charley, M.P. and Mr. Hugh Mason. Charley Rowbuttons was engaged to ride the Brick, but the old horse is so quiet that his jockey had little to do except to sit still and stick on, which Charley managed to do very well, and he rode the Brick with a common snaffle. The Auctioneer's jockey, on the other hand, used a strong bit and curb, which seemed to fret him considerably. Rowbuttons was in the old blue colours. Both horses were loudly cheered when they appeared at the starting post. Mr. Alderman Radford officiated as judge, and Mr. Councillor Wood made a very efficient Clerk of the Scales. Previous to the start, Rowbuttons laid Neversaydieson a screw of tobacco against a pinch of snuff that he would win. Jack Neversaydieson accepted the wager, and offered to increase it to two cigars, but Charley said that he had quite enough on, and did not care to increase his liabilities. The Kersal steeplechase course is a severe one, which tries the stamina of the best horses. It includes the great Irwell floods water-jump, which all the horses take very well in their trial gallops, but when it comes to the real tussle in the race they almost invariably break down. The course is intersected by the huge taxation fence, the education hurdles, the ugly black brook, the letters A and H difficulty, several smoky chimneys, and the gasometer. Commencing at the Town Hall, Duke Street, the course skirts the river at Peel Park, extends all the way to Cheetham Hill, over Kersal Moor, back again past Castle Irwell, and, with various bends, past the Suspension Bridge, home to the starting post at the Town Hall.

Precisely as the clock struck nine the word "go" was given, and a good start was made. The Brick immediately took the lead down Camp Street, and, turning the corner at Lower Broughton Road, he led the way several lengths in advance towards Broughton Bridge. Here, the river being low, both horses got over the Floods water-jump without difficulty, and turned up Great Clowes Street. On reaching the Bury New Road, the Brick crossed the street, and made straight for the brick fields. At this point he increased his lead, and the brickmakers turned out in great force to cheer the Governor. On reaching Cheetham Hill village the Brick increased his lead again, and he received another ovation from all the publicans and sinners in that locality. Neversaydie, however, had his horse well in hand; and on coming back through Tetlow Fold, and down Broom Lane, he put on a spurt, and the Auctioneer diminished the distance very considerably. Round the Kersal Moor old race course the horses went at a clipping pace, neither of them stopping for an instant at the Turf Tavern, where a deep drain had been provided for them at that former head-quarters of racing. Getting back into the Bury New Road, they tore down the Cliff at a tremendous pace, Rowbuttons having all he could do to maintain his seat, but he held on like Cutty Sark. On coming down the hill, Charley was obliged to seize hold of the pommel of his saddle in order to keep his seat, and the Councillor was nearly unseated, as the Auctioneer was full of running, and several times over-jumped himself. Turning the bend, they crossed Colin Mather's paddock, and having cleared his patent pumps, they rose the hill into Great Cheetham Street. Here the Auctioneer reached the Brick's quarters, and they both took the ditch together leading into the cricket ground. They then made straight for the pavilion, where they cannoned against each other on the new billiard table. The Counciller made a losing hazard; but Rowbuttons coolly put the red in his pocket, and went off once more with the lead. The great gates leading into the ground were closed, and presented a most formidable obstacle, as it was quite impossible to jump this lofty mass of solid timber. Nothing daunted, and remembering his screw of tobacco, Rowbuttons clenched his teeth, and seizing fast hold of the Brick's mane, he rammed him at the fence. The old horse, true as steel, put down his head and went as clean through it as if it was made of pasteboard, without even breaking his crown, and the Auctioneer came tumbling after. Having once more got into Lower Broughton Road, Charley let the Brick have his own way, and he went on like a steam engine until he came to the Suspension Hotel, where Rowbuttons pulled his horse up, and they both had a deep pull out of a pewter tankard. Meanwhile, the Auctioneer had scarcely got over the effects of the previous collision. It was bellows-to-mend at the corner, and at the Griffin Inn he swerved all over the course, and looked as if he wanted to cross the river into Hugh Higson's farm. Neversaydieson, however, entertaining lively reminiscences of a previous bath, had no desire for another dip in the sweet waters of the Irwell, so laying fast hold of the Auctioneer's head, he dug the rowels of his spurs up to the hilt into his horse's sides, and giving him one or two tremendous rib-benders, he set him a-going again, until he caught sight of his opponent turning the corner into the straight run home, at the distance which lent enchantment to the view. From this point, the race was over. The Councillor was hard upon his horse, but, it was a case of "going, going, gone," with the Auctioneer. That he ran a game horse, and had every justice done to him by his jockey, there is no doubt, but he was clearly overmatched, as the Brick had the advantage over him throughout the whole of the race, and Rowbuttons came in at his leisure, hands down, one hundred and twenty-two yards in advance. Both the Auctioneer and his jockey were much blown and distressed when they reached the post, but a bran(dy)-mash, and a little tar and ammonia water soon put them to rights. The Brick's supporters were very uproarious at their success.

The result of the race showed that the Auctioneer's stable had clearly under-rated the merits of the Brick, who proved himself a good sound horse, and justified the confidence his supporters gave him. At the weighing-in, quite a scene took place. The mob got round the Auctioneer, who lashed out viciously, which only incensed them all the more. Jack Neversaydie gesticulated energetically, but to no purpose; and even the Judge could not keep order. A free fight took place outside the yard; but Captain Drew, of the Broughton Volunteer Fire Brigade, having brought out his fire-engine, commenced playing upon the crowd, which immediately skedaddled. An armistice was then proclaimed, and an immediate re-victualling took place. Both sides adjourned to a banquet at the Suspension Hotel, and fraternised with the utmost cordiality. Von Moltke and Trochu hob-nobbed together, and Bismark and Gambetta got considerably elevated over a game of dominoes.

## THE OTHER CONCERT HALL.

THERE are two Concert Halls in Manchester. The one is well known to our readers—the other may not be. The one is called the Concert Hall, simply; the other is, for the sake of distinction, called the People's Concert Hall. The one is open only to subscribers, who are admitted by tickets previously procured with gold; the admission to the other is twopence put down at the counter, and no questions asked; while, for the accommodation of those people who, wherever they go, *will* be aristocrats and "—— expense," a special gallery is provided at the bloated charge of sixpence. The one can only be entered by dress coats and trousers: whether there is anything inside them is a matter of no moment. Dress coats and trousers are about the only garb in which you perhaps would not be tolerated in the other. The one is situated nearly opposite that well-known music-hall, St. Peter's Church; the other is almost next door to it, in Lower Mosley Street.

The establishment in Lower Mosley Street is one of the institutions of Manchester. It may not be found in guide books or official manuals, but it is none the less an existing and very

active power. The influence which it wields for good or evil is probably as much as that of any fifty pulpits put together. On any night of the year a walk along the side of the one Concert Hall till the entrance of the other Concert Hall is gained will reveal crowds of ragged little urchins, male and female, wending their way all in one direction, putting down their twopences—procured by begging, newspaper and fusee selling, turning "cart-wheels" alongside omnibuses, and goodness knows what else—and marching eagerly within to what no doubt they think elysian bowers of bliss. Not only little urchins, but big urchins, too, in every shade of dirtiness and shabbiness repair within; while lots of the "respectable working men," whom philanthropists pester so, there take their wives and sweethearts for an evening's out in company with the inevitable bottle. But the children are the feature of the scene; and one cannot help wishing one could see the pious horror of the charitable weak-minded old ladies who have given them their pennies, if they only knew the way in which those pennies were being spent, instead of being put into a money-box, or given to the Christian young men next door in exchange for half-a-dozen nice tracts. Let us follow these young ragamuffins in and see the entertainment which they think delightful.

We find ourselves in a rather dark theatre, of larger dimensions than might have been expected from the outside. What lights there are appear to serve a double purpose; every now and then a shirt sleeve being put outside the balustrade, and a screw of paper being applied to the gas-jets and then to several pipes. The audience is in full smoke: and a very decorous, decent audience it is, upon the whole. We have extravagantly put down a bloated sixpence, and consequently find ourselves in the most sparsely tenanted division of the house. Elsewhere it seems full, and in the area crowded. From a card affixed to an adjoining bar, we learn that we can get a bottle of good port for half-a-crown; so that it will be seen the refreshments are on a scale as economical as the admissions. Busily engaged in front of us is a good sample of the British working man, not missing any one part of the performance, but all the while intent on the decanting of a bottle of mahogany-coloured fluid into one containing liquor of a saffron hue. What dreadful compound these mysterious liquors made is more than we can say; but it afforded infinite satisfaction to the working man, who held it up to such light as there was in the most approved manner, and sipped it with the air of a contented connoisseur. After assuring himself of its excellence, and being confirmed in his good opinion by a friend who obligingly emptied two or three glasses, he ventured to offer some to the young woman who accompanied him. She, however, resolutely refused to taste a drop; then refused not so resolutely; then quite irresolutely; and ultimately drained it to the dregs. Through these three stages of response did the young woman pass each time the sparkling goblet was proffered; on no occasion, though, returning it without an exhaustive pull at its contents.

As to the performance, we can honestly say this: there was not anything objectionable to any but the most fastidious taste; it was full measure, and it pleased the audience enormously. In fact, it was very good, indeed—for twopence. When we went in the stage was occupied by what we think we have seen announced as the only band of female negro minstrels in the world. We hope they are. From the character of their jokes, we gather that they are of the same opinion as the clergyman who lately checked the youthful ardour of a children's party by telling them it was wicked to laugh, and that nobody laughed in heaven. Certainly, that individual could have found no fault with the only troupe of female negro minstrels in the world. They neither laughed themselves, nor made anybody else laugh. Nevertheless, they were tumultuously recalled on their departure from the stage, and, what was much more dreadful, they came back. It is perfectly marvellous how easily people are amused. It is miraculous what balderdash they will encore.

The negroes were followed by what, if we thought the People's Concert Hall was licensed for dramatic performances, we should term unhesitatingly a comedietta in two acts. It consisted of but two characters, but it contained quite as much plot as most plays of the present day. It was embellished by scenery; it was preceded by an overture; the characters appeared in costume; and it was performed upon a stage with footlights and a drop curtain. The hero first of all made his appearance as a gatherer of groundsel, tresspassing upon the domain of a landed proprietor, in the regulation buff waistcoat and drooping whiskers, by whom he was, of course, abused and bullied, after the usual fashion of fiction written from the twopenny point of view. Much socialist sentiment was uttered by the groundsel boy, and greeted with applause. End of Act I. Act II.—The groundsel boy makes his appearance, dressed as a young swell, and professes to be the son of the lord of the manor, and to have left his purse at home by accident. The landed proprietor immediately lends him a ten-pound note. No sooner does the hero finger this than he declares his identity, and his intention of approriating the ten pounds.—End of Act II., and of the play.

It was, perhaps, to be expected that the man with the highly trained dogs would put in his appearance at some period of the evening; but if we had thought of him, we really should have carefully avoided him. Highly trained dogs present a sort of spectacle we cannot stand. We can see nothing in their feats but the immense amount of starvation and flagellation which those poor antics represent. The showman may appear before the audience the most benignant of mankind; but if the whip he carries happens accidentally to crack, or come in contact with some object on the stage, a dismal yelp dispels the feeble illusion in a moment, and bespeaks an intimate acquaintance with its quality upon the part of the performing animals. All the time they are exhibiting one cannot help remembering the poor old dog, in Dickens, who had to grind the barrel-organ while the rest enjoyed their supper.

The performing dogs were followed by a beautiful and accomplished young damsel, who set herself to utter a series of the most extraordinary notes we ever heard proceeding from a woman's chest. We learned from a bystander that she was imitating Mr. Sims Reeves; and we were informed that, if we only shut our eyes, we couldn't tell the difference. We would suggest to the young lady that the imitation would be more complete, if she, on nine occasions out of ten, declined to sing at all. Another lady, of decided stage ability, next roused the audience to enthusiasm by an extraordinary curiosity, expressed by means of a lyrical catalogue of the things that she wanted to know. If the topics of this "topical song" were somewhat old, and had done duty at a round of music-halls before, they pleased the people to the utmost—not excluding the young ladies, concerning whom it was inquired:—

> Why don't they wear
> Their natural hair?
> That's what I want to know!

The entertainment was concluded by some really wonderful performances on the trapeze, the nature of which may be guessed from the of course exaggerated pictures on the walls. A net was stretched beneath the performers, into which the smallest one was flung at the conclusion of the feats. A bill to make these nets compulsory has been introduced in America, and might advantageously be copied here.

Upon the whole there is nothing much to object to in these low music halls. It is the higher class ones which are mischievous. Of course they are no entertainment to a person educated or refined in the least degree; but they are obviously an intense enjoyment to whole multitudes of common people; and if the proceeds of street-begging were never expended in worse channels we should entertain a better opinion of the vice of almsgiving than we do.

# AN EVENING WITH THE OXFORD CRICKET CLUB.

WE do not wish the title of the present paper to convey the idea that the energetic members of the Oxford Cricket Club have at this early and inclement season commenced playing, or that we, in the ardour of our admiration of the noble English game have been induced to indulge in the dangerous pleasure of witnessing an innings by gas-light. On the evening to which we refer the only playing which we observed was the playing of a piano, and instead of the stentorian cries of a company of flannel-clad bipeds, we listened only to the dulcet tones of a number of gentlemen in white kids and ladies in rainbow hues. The explanation of the matter is simple. It would appear that the members of the Oxford Cricket Club have, like birds of quite a different feather, fallen into a habit of heralding the approaching spring with bursts of minstrelsy, or, in other words, with what is termed "A Miscellaneous Concert," which concert is usually given in the Chorlton Town Hall. The evening which we are about to describe was the evening on which the concert for the present year took place. We heard, however, in an indirect sort of way that the design of the entertainment was not so much to welcome the spring breezes as to "raise the wind," in order to pay for the construction of a promenade round the club's ground. When it is remembered how much benefit the young ladies of Manchester derive from these promenades, the Oxford Cricket Club will not be considered as having done an unsuitable thing in calling in the aid of its feminine friends for the completion of this commendable undertaking. On the contrary, it will appear to most, as it does to us, to have been a very neat and perfectly just arrangement.

We never could make out what induces a large number of people to attend amateur entertainments. A considerable portion of the audiences at such displays consists, of course, of the acquaintances, friends, wives, intendeds, would-be-intendeds, and forty-ninth cousins of the performers. Another portion is made up of *quasi*-religious people, who, having an in-bred constitutional horror of the professional drama and the professional concert-room, most illogically bestow upon amateur performances the legitimate patronage which they refuse to legitimate art. But why the unbiassed and intelligent mind should repeatedly submit to the infliction of what in the main are but imperfect caricatures is a mystery. For our own part, we must confess that we are ostensibly guilty of the weakness. In our case it arises from a gregarious tendency to penetrate wherever companies of men are gathered together—into all sorts of places at all sorts of times. Observation is the name of our familiar spirit, and it is a spirit which makes us travel frequently, whether we will or no. On the occasion of our spending an evening with the Oxford Cricket Club, there was, however, somewhat of method in our madness. We wished to inquire into the matter of amateur Manchester singing, and having been told that we should hear, on Tuesday evening last, some of the most proficient non-professional singers in the city, we repaired to the Chorlton Town Hall in the hope of being able to give honour where honour was due.

The prices of admission were two shillings and one shilling. The latter sum defines the customary limit to our patronage of amateur performances. Moreover, we have a dislike to the front seats at such gatherings. We have never occupied one without finding ourselves amidst a number of the personal friends of our entertainers, and it materially detracts from our enjoyment to hear those latter personages familiarly spoken of as "John" or "William," "Jane" or "Mary," as the case may be. We have a feeling which has, doubtless, remained with us from our childhood, and which envelopes all people who appear on platforms with a halo of mystery and awe, as members of some delightful society where all are gifted beings quite unlike the common place mortals of every day life. Moreover, we don't like to be compelled to join in the too partial praise of such friendly coteries, but prefer to select our own particular favourites. We, therefore, made our way to the back entrance in Boundary Street, and, after narrowly escaping incarceration in the police-office and a fine by the magistrates in consequence of a trifling mistake about the door, we succeeded in gaining the extremity of a somewhat fine room.

The sum of twopence invested in a programme enabled us to study the character of the entertainment prepared for us. How comes it that so much pleasing music has been composed for so much indifferent poetry? Our great complaint against amateur singers as a class is that they have too great a tendency to select frivolous and meaningless verse solely because it is accompanied by pretty cadences. To us a good and enjoyable ballad is a double poem, addressing itself to us both mentally and sensuously. However full of meaning a musical composition in itself may be, its effect is destroyed if accompanied by idle or frivolous words. There is a discord of ideas. The programme in question had one or two gems of sentiment upon it, and perhaps one perfect picture. It was, however, too long, and was diluted with much that was merely trite and jingling rhyme. For instance, we may ask whether there ever was an amateur concert at which some young lady was not lectured on the duty of early rising in strains which bade her "awake," or "quit her bower." The pianoforte displays were specimens of skilful execution, but in saying that we have almost said all. There was perhaps a local interest attaching to Litolff's composition, but we really don't see why Sydney Smith should always bar out the greater masters. But with these few rather interrogatory than positive criticisms—criticisms of the selection rather than their execution, we may say that the concert merited the anticipatory praise bestowed upon it. It was excellent, as amateur concerts go. The concerted pieces were sung with a correctness of time and a refined blending of voices which convinced us that we were listening to persevering lovers of vocal music, and which proved very refreshing to an ear accustomed to discords every Sunday. If we may venture into details, we will say that we were especially pleased by "When sorrow sleepeth," sung by Miss M. Tomlinson. We should have liked Mr. Lambert's song if it had only been a better song. "Of all the girls that are so smart" had a quaint refreshing jauntiness which gave a healthy finish to the first part of the entertainment. In the second part, "The hardy Norseman's house of yore" was glorious. But the chief honour of the evening must undoubtedly be given to Miss Dow. In all the songs in which she took part the exquisite sweetness of her voice was delightful, while in the two solos—one of which was given in response to an encore—sung by her, the same silvery sweetness, combined with a certain feeling and simplicity, made her positively fascinating. There is a pleasant homeliness in Miss Dow's manner and accents which wonderfully increases her influence over her hearers.

With these really exceptional excellences, the concert was similar to most entertainments of the class. There was the usual tendency on the part of the audience to applaud everything, and of parts of the audience to encore individuals. It is, of course, unreasonable to expect ladies who have to appear on platforms in a singing capacity to do so in other than very brilliant attire. This practice is not peculiar to amateurs. Why a singing dress must necessarily be one calculated to carry the mind away to draper's shops and dressmaker's workrooms, and to reflections on the expenses of married life, we never could make out; but so it is and was, with one laudable exception, on the evening in question. On the platform there was a little of the awkwardness to be expected from those who are not in the constant habit of standing before a few hundred people. On leaving the elevation, the ladies indulged in those minature hops which remind one of the little jump which with the fair sex is the usual preliminary to a slide on the ice. One of the gentlemen repeatedly dragged his feminine companion down to the lower regions, suggesting Pluto's departure with Proserpine. The young gentleman who ably presided at the piano attracted a large share of our attention. He smiled upon us through almost the entire evening with a benignity of expression which was quite remarkable; but had a habit of shooting out of sight which several times caused us to entertain grave fears for his safety.

## GUESSES AT TRUTH.

[AFTER THE MANNER OF THOMAS FULLER.]

There is no such way to have a large heart as to have a large heart.

He who is a friend to all is a friend to none, and his own worst enemy.

It is easy to tell a lie: hard to tell but a lie.

A good prayer is not like a stratagem in war, to be used but once.

Many think they will be more able to pay their debts when they owe more.

May we be as nimble with our antidotes as the devil is with his poisons.

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## WHICH IS NOW TAKING PLACE.

Public attention is respectfully directed to this important **Annual Sale**, and the **advantages it offers.**

We have much pleasure in announcing that we have recently opened a Department for **Household Linens,** and **General Drapery,** jointly with the Fancy Trade, and we especially desire to draw notice to this new feature in our Business. The Stock, in addition to all the Standard makes, contains numerous **Lots of Domestic Drapery at remarkable prices.**

The Managers of our various Departments have been for some time past actively engaged in the endeavour to purchase for this **Sale First-Class Goods under value,** and owing to the continuance of The War, and other causes, they have been most successful.

We would here refer to the fact, that the utmost efforts have ever been used to place before our Patrons the **best products of British and Foreign Manufacture,** and that articles of an inferior quality never form part of the **Stock at Britannia House.**

### Household Linen Department.

*White Toilet Quilts.*

40 11-4 Size..... at 8s 11d
60 11-4 Size..... at 11s 6d
50 12-4 Size..... at 12s 6d
30 13-4 Size..... at 14s 6d, usual price 18s 6d
20 13-4 Size..... at 19s 6d, usual price 27s 6d
35 14-4 Size..... at 25s 6d

*Witney, Bath, and Bury Blankets.*

369 Pairs... 10-4... 8s 11d; 11-4... 10s 9d; 12-4... 13s 6d; 12-4... 15s 6d; 13-4... 17s 6d; 13-4... 21s; 13 4... 25s 6d; 13-4... 32s 6d — All Wool

*Cotton Sheetings, Twilled and Plain.*

8 Pieces, 2 yards wide ..... 1s 0½d
9 Pieces, 2 yards wide ..... 1s 3½d
7 Pieces, 2¼ yards wide ..... 1s 4½d
6 Pieces, 2¾ yards wide ..... 1s 6½d
6 Pieces, 2¾ yards wide ..... 1s 11½d
8 Pieces, 3 yards wide ..... 2s 4d

*Bleached Damask Table Cloths.*

100 6-4 White Damask Cloths ..... 1s 9½d
80 7-4 White Damask Cloths ..... 2s 11d
170 8-4 White Damask Cloths ..... 3s 9d
75 8-10 White Damask Cloths ..... 4s 9d
50 10-12 White Damask Cloths ..... 9s 6d
60 10-14 White Damask Cloths ..... 11s 9d
55 10-16 White Damask Cloths ..... 15s 9d
30 10-16 White Damask Cloths ..... 19s 9d
6 Pieces 8-4 Half-bleached Table Linen, 1s 11½d, usual price 3s 3d
3-8 Size Doyleys. 1s 4d to 3s 9d per dozen
25 dozen 8-4 Size Half-bleached Damask Cloths, at 3s 11d, usual price 4s 11d
5-8 Size Table Napkins, 2s 11d, 3s 9d, and 4s 11d, and up to 14s 9d
A Lot of Soiled Table Linen, very cheap.

### Household Linen Department.

*Lace, Lace, and Muslin Curtains.*

300 Pairs, 3 yards long, at 1s 11d, 2s 9d, 3s 11d, to 7s 9d
420 Pairs, 3½ yards long, at 3s 11d, 4s 11d, 5s 11, to 15s 9d
260 Pairs, 4 yards long, at 6s 11d, 8s 11d, 10s 9d, to 45s
Swiss Embroidered Curtains, 4 yards long, 21s to 63s

*Pure Finished Long Cloths.*

20 Pieces, 32 inches wide ..... at 3½d
25 Pieces, 32 inches wide ..... at 4½d
24 Pieces, 36 inches wide ..... at 5½d
30 Fine Washed Long Cloth ..... at 2½d
Horrocks's Long Cloths 4d to 6½d, Crewdson's 5½d to 7½d, Findlay's 4½d to 6½d per yard.

*Lancashire, Welsh, and Saxony Flannels.*

A Lot of All Wool Shirting Flannels at 10½d, worth 1s 3½d
20 Pieces of 1¼-yard wide Washing Damask 1s 0½d, worth 1s 6½d
12 Pieces ⅞ yard wide Nursery Diaper 5½d to 9½d
40 Dozens Linen Towels..... at 2s 6d per doz
50 Dozens Linen Towels..... at 3s 6d, worth 5s 6d
250 Print Dresses, of 8 yards at 3s 9d, usual price, 5s 9d
Higher-priced qualities very much reduced

### Mantle Department.

Having just purchased the entire Stocks of Two Eminent French Manufacturers, consisting of Rich Lyons Velvet, Cloth, and other Jackets and Mantles, we shall offer them with the remainder of our Winter Stock during the Sale, at the following exceptional prices:—

### Mantle Department—Continued.

Loose Silk Velvet Jackets, 35s 6d, usual price, 45s.
Loose Silk Velvet Jackets, 49s 6d, usual price 63s
Loose Silk Velvet Jackets, handsomely trimmed, 3 and 4 Guineas, usual price 4 and 5 Guineas
Fitting Silk Velvet Jackets, handsomely trimmed, 4 Guineas, usual price 5 Guineas
Very Handsome Pattern Jackets, of Rich Lyons Velvet, 5 Guineas, worth 8 Guineas
Our Very Best Pattern Velvet Jackets, 7 Guineas, worth 10 Guineas
Loose Black and Coloured Cloth Jackets, 10s 6d, ordinary value 15s 6d
Loose and Semi-fitting Black and Coloured Cloth Jackets, 15s 6d, ordinary value 21s
Loose and Semi-fitting Black and Coloured Cloth Jackets, 21s, ordinary value 31s 6d
The New "Coattee" All Wool German Cloth Jackets, 31s 6d, ordinary value 45s
Loose or Fitting Black and Coloured Cloth Jackets, 42s ordinary value 55s
Loose or Fitting Black and Coloured Cloth Jackets, 49s 6d, ordinary value 63s
The colours in the above are choice shades of green, brown, claret, mulberry, blue, &c., &c.
A Special Lot of French and German Black Cloth Fitting (Pattern) Jackets, at 2 and 3 Guineas, worth 4 and 6 Guineas
Ladies' and Children's Waterproof Cloaks, in every fashionable shape and colour, at very reduced prices during the Sale
A Lot of Real Sealskin Jackets (choice Skins), at 7 and 9 Guineas, price earlier in the season 9 and 12 Guineas
Superior Dogskin Jackets, at 3 and 4 Guineas, worth 5 and 6 Guineas
A Manufacturer's Stock of Opera Mantles, various styles and colours, all at 6s 11d each, the ordinary price would be 21s

### Shawl Department.

The War has been, as will be well understood, the cause of immense sacrifices on the part of the Lyons manufacturers, famed for their beautiful and costly designs in Woven Long and Square Shawls; we have several lots which will be shown along with the products of the manufacturers at Paisley, at prices greatly to the advantage of buyers. The prices commence at 1 Guinea, and upwards to 12 Guineas.
120 Queensland Wool Shawls, at 6s 11d, ordinary price 10s 11d
70 Queensland Wool Shawls, at 9s 11d, ordinary price 15s 6d
50 Reversible Wool Shawls, at 19s 6d, ordinary price 29s 6d
35 Reversible Wool Shawls, at 25s 6d, ordinary price 35s 6d
A lot of Elegant Wool Shawls, novel designs, at 29s 6d, worth 2 Guineas
An extraordinary purchase of the Finest Saxony Wool Scarf Shawls, in all the Scotch Clans, at very reduced prices.
The stock of Black Lace, Grenadine, Llama, and Cashmere Shawls, Mantles, and Jackets, will be sold at immensely reduced prices.

### Silk Department.

*Black Silks.*

We have during the past month concluded extensive and advantageous purchases of Black Silks, the manufacture of C. J. Bonnet and Cie, and C. M. Teillard and Cie, of Lyons, who possess a world-wide repute for purity, richness, and durability of make.
The prices are 4s 11d, 5s 11d, 6s 11d, 7s 11d, 8s 11d, and 9s 11d per yard, all guaranteed, and doubtless ere long these goods will be very scarce and dear.

### Silk Department—Continued.

Black Silks, of English manufacture and excellent value, at 21s, 25s 6d, 29s 6d, 35s 6d, 39s 6d, 42s, 49s 6d, 55s 6d, 59s 6d, and 63s, the Dress of 12 yards, or any length cut.
A Lot of Black Figured Silks, from 2s 11½d to 5s 11d per yard, much under value.

*Coloured, Fancy, and Plain Silks.*

A Lot of Coloured Silk Dresses, 12 to 14 yards, 39s 6d, worth 47s 6d
A Lot of Self-coloured Broche Silks, 12 to 14 yards, 49s 6d, worth 65s
A Lot of French Chene Silks, 12 to 14 yards, 49s 6d, worth 69s
A Lot of Black Ground French Silks, rich Broche in colours, 14 yards, 69s 6d, worth 87s 6d
50 very beautiful French Silk Dresses, at prices ranging from 4½ Guineas up to 7½ Guineas the Full Dress; prices before the war would be at least double.
A Lot of Coloured Gros de Suez, at 4s 11½d, usual price 5s 11d
A Lot of Coloured Gros Grains, at 5s 11½d, very choice shades of colour
The present Stock of Japanese Silk Dresses will be cleared off at a great reduction; prices from 25s 6d to 39s 6d the Full Dress

### Trimmed Robe and Costume Department.

In this Department we hold a very large Stock of Made-up Dresses, Costumes, &c., principally from Berlin, the Prussian manufacturers having been of late very successful in their designs.
Repp and Wincey Trimmed Robes, at 10s 6d, with boddice
Repp Serge and Wincey Trimmed Robes, at 21s, with boddice
Costumes, with Jacket complete, 29s 6d, former price 42s, in French Merino, Serge, and other Foreign Fabrics
Costumes, with Jacket complete and Lined Flannel, 35s 6d, former price, 50s in Satinlaine, Repp, and Serge, handsomely trimmed
Costumes, with Jacket complete and Lined Flannel, 49s 6d, former price, 63s, in Satinlaine, Sattenyl, and Austrian Cloth.
Costumes of Five Articles, Jacket inclusive at 59s 6d, usual price, 5 and 6 Guineas, very elegant Prussian patterns, trimmed fur, and in other fashionable styles
A Lot of Black Silk Trimmed Robes and Costumes, from 3½ to 9 Guineas, upon which large reductions have been made
50 Trimmed Robes, with boddice, at 10s 6d, Summer Stock
60 Trimmed Robes, with boddice, at 15s 9d, Summer Stock
40 Trimmed Robes, with boddice, at 21s, Summer Stock
A few elaborate French Costumes, at 59s 6d, original prices 5 and 6 Guineas
The foregoing Four Lots are of most extraordinary value
Several Lots of Prussian Costumes, complete in Lawn, Linen, and Cambric, will be cleared off at prices ranging from 12s 6d to 39s 6d

### Bonnet and Hat Department.

We have bought for cash the Stocks of several eminent Modistes and Hat Manufacturers, at immensely reduced prices, consequent on the continuance of the war. These purchases include a large collection of Millinery, Pattern Bonnets, and Trimmed Hats, in highly distinguished modes. The Hats unfortunately embrace an extensive choice in Velvet, Grebe, and Real Seal. We have confidence and pleasure in assuring our friends that, having regard to the superior excellence of the goods here announced, the prices will be found to offer very extraordinary advantages, as follows:—

RICHARD BATEMAN'S GREAT ANNUAL SALE, CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE.

### Bonnet and Hat Department—Continued.

Millinery Bonnets, from 10s 9d to 21s, usual price 2 and 3 guineas
Trimmed Hats, from 10s 9d to 21s, usual prices 30s to 2 guineas
Black Silk Velvet Hats, 2s 11d and 3s 6d, worth 7s
Black French Velvet Hats, 5s 11d, worth 9s 6d
White Felt Hats, 3s 6d and 4s 6d, worth 8s 6d
Coloured Velvet Gipsy Hats, 6s 6d, worth 12s 9d
High Crown Seals, 14s 9d, worth 21s
Seal and Grebe, 5s 11d, worth 12s 9d
Seal and Grebe, 12s 9d, worth 21s
We have just received an assortment of elegantly trimmed and untrimmed Straw Bonnets for early Spring, which we shall charge "Sale Prices."

### Dress Department.

Comprising Satinlaines, Silk and Wool Repps, Serge, Winceys, French Merinoes, Stuffs, and other Dress Materials, in colours and black. The following Lots represent purchases for the Sale, much under value, and the major portion of our ordinary Stock classified into the following Lots. We believe the whole to be of unsurpassed value, and invite comparison.

Lot 1. 2700 Yards best French Satinlaines, 2s 11½d, worth 3s 6d, in colours and black
Lot 2. 2870 Yards French Satinlaine, 2s 3d, worth 2s 11½d, in colours and black
Lot 3. 2158 Yards French Satinlaine, 1s 11½d, worth 2s 6d, in colours and black
Lot 4. 2978 Yards French Satinlaine, 1s 4½d, worth 1s 11½d, in colours and black
Lot 5. 1892 Yards English Satinlaine, 1s 2½d, worth 1s 8½d, in colours and black
Lot 6. 2351 Yards English Ribbed Satinlaine, 1s 6½d, worth 1s 11½d, in colours and black
Lot 7. 1739 Yards Best French Repp, 3s 11½d, worth 4s 9d, in colours and black
Lot 8. 1943 Yards French All Wool Repp, 2s 11½d, worth 3s 11½d, in colours and black
Lot 9. 2670 Yards French Silk Repp, 2s 11½d, worth 3s 6d, in colours and black

### Dress Department—Continued.

Lot 10. 1032 Yards French All Wool Repp, 1s 11½d, worth 2s 6d, in colours and black
Lot 11. 2051 Yards English Wool Repp, 1s 1½d, worth 1s 6½d, in colours
Lot 12. 1500 Yards English Wool Repp, 1s 0½d, worth 1s 4½d
Lot 13. 1670 Yards English Wool Repp, 9½d, worth 1s 0½d
Lot 14. 972 Yards Best Wool Serge, 1s 11½d, usual value, 2s 11½d, in colours and black
Lot 15. 911 Yards Super Wool Serge, 1s 6½d, usual value, 1s 11½d, in colours
Lot 16. 1097 Yards Diagonal Cloth, 10½d, usual value, 1s 2½d, in colours
Lot 17. 3089 Yards French Merinoes, in all shades, 1s 11½d, a very cheap lot, usual value, 2s 6½d, in all colours
Lot 18. 4037 Yards Figured Alpacas and Russel Cords, 7½d, usual value, 10½d
Lot 19. 2009 Yards Real Aberdeen Winceys, 10½d, usual value, 1s 3½d
A Lot of Remnants and Single Dress Lengths, of good materials, all at 6½d per yard
A Lot of Remnants of Satinlaines and Best Materials, all at 1s per yard.
We have much confidence in drawing notice to our Stock of Scottish Tartans, in all the favourite Clan patterns. The Sale prices will be found under those of the manufacturers at Perth
Lot 20. 2350 Yards Best Scottish Kirtle Tartans, at 2s 6d, usual price, 3s. 6d
Lot 21. 1132 Yards 4-4 Scottish Kirtle Tartans, 1s 11½d, usual price, 2s 11½d
Lot 22. 2050 Yards Clan Tartan Camlets, 10½d, usual price, 1s 6½d
Lot 23. 1391 Yards Clan Tartan Satinlaine (best goods), 2s 11½d, usual price, 3s 11½d

### Ladies Underclothing Department.

100 Dozen Ladies' Long Cloth Tucked Skirts, 1s 9½d, 2s 3d, 2s 11d, 3s 6d, 3s 11d, and 4s 11d.

### Ladies' Underclothing Department—Continued.

75 Dozen Ladies' Long Cloth Frilled Skirts, 2s 11d, 3s 11d, 4s 11d, 5s 11d, up to 9s 11d
90 Dozen Ladies' Long Cloth Embroidered and Frilled Skirts, 7s 11d, 8s 11d, 10s 11d, up to 25s
60 Dozen Ladies' Long Cloth Drawers, 1s 6½d, 1s 11½d, and 2s 6d
50 Dozen Ladies' Long Cloth Drawers, Embroidered, 1s 11½d, 2s 6d, 3s 3d, 3s 11d, 5s 6d, to 10s 9d, handsomely trimmed
40 Dozen Ladies' Long Cloth Chemises, 1s 11d and 2s 9d
70 Dozen Ladies' Long Cloth Chemises, Embroidered Fronts, 2s 11d, 3s 9d, 4s 9d, up to 12s 6d
40 Dozen Ladies' Long Cloth Plain Night Dresses, 2s 11d to 6s 9d
80 Dozen Ladies' Long Cloth Night Dresses, Embroidered Fronts and Cuffs, 3s 3d, 3s 9d, 4s 6d, 5s 11d, to 10s 9d

### Ladies' Irish Cambric Handkerchief Department.

1,000 Dozens, commencing at

| | |
|---|---|
| 1s 3d the Half Dozen | 3s 6d the Half Dozen |
| 1s 9d the Half Dozen | 4s 6d the Half Dozen |
| 1s 11d the Half Dozen | 5s 6d the Half Dozen |
| 2s 3d the Half Dozen | 6s 6d the Half Dozen |
| 2s 9d the Half Dozen | 7s 6d to 14s the Half Dozen |

Ladies' Irish Cambric Hem-stitched Handkerchiefs:—

| | |
|---|---|
| 2s 3d the Half Dozen | 4s 6d the Half Dozen |
| 2s 9d the Half Dozen | 5s 6d the Half Dozen |
| 3s 6d the Half Dozen | 6s 6d the Half Dozen |

### Fur Department.

The Stock of Furs, which include Sable, Ermine, Miniver, Grebe, &c., &c.; Muffs, Collarettes, Ties, and Cuffs of the best manufacture, will be cleared off at the Cost Prices

### Evening Dress Department.

The whole of our Evening Dress Attire, comprising Grenadine, Tarlatan, and Muslin Dresses, Feathers, Flowers, Caps, and Head Dresses, we shall submit at greatly reduced prices

# RICHARD BATEMAN,

## BRITANNIA HOUSE,

## *18 & 20, OLDHAM-STREET, AND DALE-STREET, MANCHESTER.*

PERSONS troubled with CORNS and WARTS should at once procure a bottle of ROBINSON'S PATENT CORN SOLVENT, which never fails to quickly remove them.—Sold in bottles at 7½d. and 13½d. each, by B. ROBINSON, chemist, Pendleton; EWSBURY, MOTTERSHEAD, & CO., Market Street; and most Chemists.

## BAILIE & Co.,

*BILLIARD AND BAGATELLE TABLE*

MANUFACTURERS,

GLOBE WORKS, ALBERT ST., BRIDGE ST.,

MANCHESTER.

LATE PRACTICAL PARTNER OF BAILIE & SWALLOW,

*Inventor of the Patent Indicator,*

*Patent Pocket Holder, and Patent Cue Cement.*

Every requisite for the Billiard Room always in Stock.
Cushions Re-modelled on R.B's Improved Principle.
All Jobbing personally attended to by Mr. Bailie.

## FINE FLAVOURED STRONG

BEEF TEA at about 2½d. a pint. ASK FOR LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT of Meat, requiring Baron Liebig the Inventor's Signature on every jar, being the only guarrantee of genuineness.

## HETHERINGTON'S COUGH LOZENGES.

The best and safest remedy for coughs; relieves the difficulty of breathing in Asthma. To be had from most respectable chemists and confectioners, in 3d. and 6d. boxes; or, direct from the depot.—HETHERINGTON, wholesale confectioner, 18, Lower Mosley Street, Manchester.—7lb. parcels carriage paid of any part of the kingdom.

Just published, price One Shilling,

## HOME TRADE CUTTING; its

Causes and Effects: a Review together with the whole of the Letters bearing upon the topic which appeared in the *Manchester Courier*.

Manchester: THOS. SOWLER & SONS,
and all Booksellers.

## *THE PEOPLE'S CONCERT HALL,*

LOWER MOSLEY STREET, MANCHESTER.

Important Engagement of the World Renowned
**MADLLE. FREDERIKA and M. ELLIOTT,**
From the Grand Opera, Paris, and Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, in their celebrated SKATING SCENES, embracing some of the most elegant and beautiful movements ever exhibited in this graceful accomplishment.

Engagement of the
**BROTHERS WELLS.**
Negro Vocalists, Instrumentalists, and Dancers.

Engagement of **MR. HARRY SEFTON,**
The celebrated Comic Vocalist and Grotesque Dancer: The Original Dancing Spider

Immense Reception of **MISS WEBSTER,** Soprano and Ballad Vocalist.

Engagement of the
**BROTHERS BALE!**
The Celebrated Chinese Jugglers, in conjunction with
**PROFESSOR BROWN,**
The Champion Velocipedist.
Professor BROWN'S Feats are as follows: Riding the Bycicle in various modes. The wonderous feat of driving a Bycicle through dozens of bottles placed a few inches apart. Extraordinary Chair Performance. The great Gun Trick, loading and firing several rounds on the Bycicle. Performing a Toilet under difficulties. Shaving on a Bicycle. Express Galop. Refreshment on the road. A Letter for the Post, &c. During the performance Professor B. will carry several people round on his Bicycle.

Engagement of **MR. TOM SAYERS,**
Comic Vocalist, Son of the late Champion of England.

Great Success of Messrs. **MOORE AND MOORE,**
Comedians, Duologists, &c., in their Comic Characteristic Entertainments, Witty and Humorous.

THIS EVENING (Friday), Benefit of
**FRENCH AND ANGELO,**
On which occasion Two Splendid Cups will be given to the best and second-best Amateur Comic Vocalists.

All applications to be made to Mr. THOMAS ACTON.

Director of the Entertainments ..... **Mr. T. ACTON.**

## RUPTURES.—EXHIBITION PRIZE

MEDAL, 1862, was awarded to R. WESTBURY, Inventor and Sole Maker of the
IMPERCEPTIBLE CURATIVE TRUSS,
Deformity Instruments, Elastic Stockings, and other Invalid Appliances.
26, OLD MILLGATE, MANCHESTER.

## ROYAL POMONA GARDENS.

BAND

EVERY MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, AND SATURDAY

Admission, Sixpence each.

NEW ICE FOR SKATING EVERY MORNING.

DURING THE FROST.

## HENRY PIDDUCK,

GOLDSMITH, SILVERSMITH, AND JEWELLER,
24, ST. ANN'S SQUARE, MANCHESTER,
Invites an inspection of his Modern and Elegant DIAMOND and GEM RINGS, BRACELETS, BROOCHES, EARRINGS, NECKLETS, LOCKETS, &c. FINE GOLD ALBERT AND GUARD CHAINS.
WATCHES of the finest finish and latest construction, 18 Carat Fine GOLD ENGLISH LEVERS, Jewelled, &c., £8 to £12. Flat Skeleton ditto, hands to set from back, handsome gold or enamelled dials, elegantly engraved cases, extra jewelled, &c., &c., £13 to £20.
SUPERIOR USEFUL ELECTRO-SILVER SPOONS AND FORKS.

| | Fiddle. | Strong Fiddle. | Best Beaded. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 12 Table Spoons or Forks | 30s. | 36s. | 56s. |
| 12 Dessert Spoons or Forks | 20s. | 28s. | 44s. |
| 12 Tea Spoons | 12s. | 19s. | 26s. |

TEA and COFFEE SETS, 4 Guineas to 18 Guineas.
Handsome Fish Carvers in Cases, with Ivory, Pearl, and Plated Handles, 18s. to 60s. Silver ditto, £5 to £7.
DESSERT FRUIT KNIVES AND FORKS, AND FISH-EATING DITTO.
A variety of beautiful Silver Cups, Goblets, Knife, Fork, and Spoon Cases, &c. for Presents.
Communion and Presentation Plate. Trowels, &c.
ELEGANT DRAWING ROOM AND DINING ROOM CLOCKS.

HEALTH! DELICACY!! ECONOMY!!!

## MAYAR'S SEMOLINA.

NOTICE.

[*Read this with care and attention.*]

THE MANUFACTORY of MAYAR'S SEMOLINA was established in 1815. It is the oldest and the largest in the world. Twenty-five million pounds being yearly produced. (25,000,000.)

Our SEMOLINA is the staple food in France, Russia, Spain, Italy, &c., and will soon be that of England. It has obtained

**24 PRIZE MEDALS**

in the Grand Exhibitions for its superiority over al others; and is pronounced by the most eminent members of the Medical Profession, both in London and in Paris, to be far more nutritious than Tapioca, Arrowroot, Corn Flour (which are only Starch), or any farinaceous food already introduced into this country. See Dr. Hassall's Analytical Report.

N.B.—Being determined to maintain its reputation, we again CAUTION the public that an imitation, to which a false and ridiculous name has been given, is introduced by a well-known firm, taking advantage of its name and publicity to sell a similar article of very inferior quality, to realise extra profits, and who advertise in favour of that article the qualities possessed by our Semolina.

As a proof of our assertion, we challenge a comparison by analysis between our SEMOLINA and the so-called *Pearlina*.

MAYAR'S SEMOLINA is solely the heart of the very best Wheat.

MAYAR'S SEMOLINA is richer than any other farinaceous food, in nitrogenous matter and gluten. Indispensable in the bone and muscular formation.

MAYAR'S SEMOLINA. Highly recommended by the Faculty for Children and Invalids.

MAYAR'S SEMOLINA Is extremely nourishing and easily digested.

MAYAR'S SEMOLINA makes delicious Puddings, Blancmange, Custards, and Pastry.

MAYAR'S SEMOLINA. Unequalled for thickening Soups and Beef Tea.

MAYAR'S SEMOLINA is the greatest delicacy, prepared as gruel, for Breakfast and Supper.

MAYAR'S SEMOLINA is very economical. May be used with or without Milk. Recipes on each Package. 6d. lb. in Packet, 8d. in Canister.

Sold by all Chemists, Grocers, &c.

HOMINY.

MAYAR'S HOMINY, produced from the best Indian Maize, without any adulteration obtained by grinding, is far superior to the Maize Corn Flour already introduced in this country, which is only Starch obtained by a process of washing, which deteriorates entirely the quality, and is sold at a very high price.

Sold by all Chemists, Grocers, and Corn Dealers. Wholesale at MAYAR'S, 36, MARK LANE, LONDON, E.C.

*Wholesale Agents Wanted in every town.*

NO HOME WITHOUT AMUSEMENT.

BAGATELLE TABLES

OF SOLID MAHOGANY, INDIARUBBER CUSHION, CUE, MACE, BRIDGE, BALLS, &c.

Of the Best Make and Finish, 35s. to £15 15s.

ILLUSTRATED BOOK OF PRICES OF 100 NEW GAMES, POST FREE.

5,000 PRESENTS, FROM 1s. TO £15 15s.

WORK BOXES, DESKS, INKSTANDS, DRESSING CASES, MUSICAL ALBUMS, &c. Lists Free.

PRIZE MEDAL ROCKING HORSES, 15s. 6d. to £10 10s.

OWEN, 1, OLDHAM STREET, & 80, DEANSGATE.

## THE SPHINX'S List of Tradesmen, OR GUIDE TO SHOPPING.

*(For Terms for Advertising in this List apply to* THOMAS POWELL, 39, *Blackfriars Street.)*

CHEMISTS AND DRUGGISTS.

HAMPSON, Piccadilly. Proprietor of the Fluodentine for Teeth; also Payne's Taraxacum Cocoa.

FURNITURE DEALERS.

GIBSON, Furniture Dealer, 78 Oldham Street, and 90 to 96, Stretford Road.

WATCHMAKERS & JEWELLERS.

T. ARMSTRONG & BROTHER, 88, Deansgate.

GENERAL DRAPERS.

RICHARD BATEMAN, 18 and 20, Oldham Street, and Dale Street. Particular attention to his Annual Sale, which is now taking place.

PHOTOGRAPHERS.

A. LAFOSSE, 32, Victoria Street.

## ALEXANDRA HALL,

PETER STREET.

*Immense Reception of the Monstre Company.*

HARRY RICKARDS, as "General Jinks."

HARRY RICKARDS, as "Happy-go-Bill."

HARRY RICKARDS, as "The West-end Swell."

And in numerous other Characters Every Evening.

**Tableaux of the War, Demon Ballet, Operatic Selections; the celebrated "Toy Girl," Annie Casterton; Miss Rosa, serio comic, &c.**

THEATRE ROYAL, MANCHESTER.

THE UNRIVALLED PANTOMIME

DICK WHITTINGTON AND HIS TREASURE OF A CAT, EVERY EVENING AT SEVEN O'CLOCK. THE LAST MORNING PERFORMANCE, SATURDAY, February 25, at half-past one.

Box Office open daily from eleven to one.

WAR VICTIMS' FUND, for the Relief of the Non-combatant Sufferers in the Districts Devastated by the War, distributed by unpaid Commissioners of the Society of Friends.

Subscriptions may be paid at the King Street Branch of the District Bank, or to

JOHN HODGSON, 51, Piccadilly,
WILLIAM BRADSHAW, Eccles New Road,
Secretaries to the Local Committee.

JAMES THORNTON, Jun., WINE AND SPIRIT MERCHANT, 103, STOCKPORT ROAD (Opposite Shakespeare-street), having recently commenced business on his own account, respectfully solicits the support of his neighbourhood. For many years connected with a leading family house in the county, of over one hundred years standing, and **buying everything direct from the producer**, he is in a position to enter into an honourable competition with the leading houses in town.

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